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"Old Times in the Colonies"

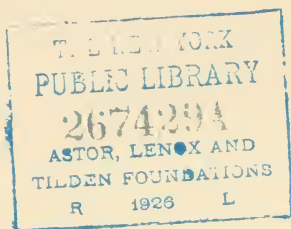
**By Rev. H. T. Henry, Litt.D., President of
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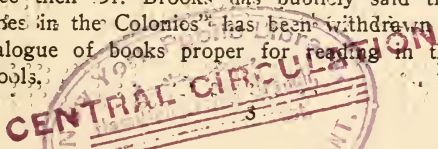
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"Old Times in the Colonies"



THE title of this paper is the title of a volume composed by Charles Carleton Coffin, and published by Harper & Brothers, 1881. It seems a late day to notice a book that has already attained to voting age. Really, I do think it should have died of marasmus in its infancy. Probably its existence is due to very careful nursing on the part of its friends. One of these—perhaps not well acquainted with the book,¹ however—is Dr. Edward Brooks, Superintendent of the Philadelphia Public Schools. In his brochure issued last year (1900) entitled "Suggestions for Instruction in Language in the Elementary Schools," he includes "Old Times in the Colonies" amongst other books recommended for Lessons in Language and General Reading. Mr. Coffin's volume is thus made to assume a contemporaneous importance very much out of proportion to its intrinsic merits or defects. I say "merits or de-

¹ These words were written in 1901, and a copy of the criticism (as printed in the *Records of the American Catholic Historical Society*) was mailed to Dr. Brooks. Since then Dr. Brooks has publicly said that "Old Times in the Colonies" has been withdrawn from his catalogue of books proper for reading in the public schools.



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fects;” for it abounds in features which, in the eyes of some of our separated brethren, might be considered as merits, but which to Catholics must appear as grave defects. These grave defects become of importance to Catholics only in so far as they are found in a book recommended for use in those public schools whose financial support is largely due to the taxes imposed on Catholic parents. I feel convinced that if Dr. Brooks had been aware of these grave defects he would not have commended a book whose publication was, indeed, a wound to charity, but whose use in the public schools becomes a further offence against justice. I am not concerned with the literary side of the volume in question; although it would be the simplest truth to affirm that it utterly lacks literary style, and that it is a hodge-podge of facts, fancies, sermonizing declamation, and well-nigh intolerable boredom. Its four hundred and fifty pages are, nevertheless, enlivened by a profusion of good pictorial illustrations. It is the purpose of the present paper to call attention to some of the features offensive to Catholics.

I. ST. FRANCIS AND MR. COFFIN.

My readers may ask, “*Which St. Francis?*” Three men bearing that name are well known not alone to Catholics, but as well to our separated brethren. Who, indeed, can be ignorant of Xavier, the glowing *Apostle of the Indies*, whose “love-sigh” (as Schloßer, the hymnologist, styles his *O Deus ego amo te*) has melted all hearts?

And who can be ignorant of that other “of Sales,” whose gentle asceticism has made his writings so grateful to Protestants that they issue them in even finer style than do our Catholic publishers? But there is *one* St. Francis whom all the world knows so well in Letters and in Art, who entered so powerfully into the influences shaping mediæval history, whose sweetness and loveliness have so entranced men of all shades of religious belief and unbelief, that merely to say “St. Francis,” without other qualification, is to name the *Seraph of Assisi*. And thus it is that Augustine Birrell, in his “Obiter Dicta,” refers to him without other qualification: “We must all know many a sorry scrub,” he says, “who has fairly talked himself into the belief that nothing but his intellectual difficulties prevents him from being another St. Francis. We think we could suggest a few score of other obstacles” (First Series, p. 111 of Scribner’s Ed., 1897).

Dante devotes the eleventh canto of “Il Paradiso” to the glory of St. Francis, whom he styles “seraphic all in fervency.” He is indeed “the seraphic saint.” All men who know how to love have loved the utterly unselfish, childlike simplicity and amiability of the saint. “Of all the saints,” says Dean Milman, “St. Francis was the most blameless and gentle.” Dean Trench declares that in him “the might of self-denying and self-offering love put all mockers and gainsayers to silence” (“Mediæval Church History,” Lect. xvi.). To Mrs. Oliphant, his was “a life filled

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with one great master-thought which dominated all other motives of humanity and impulses of nature—the desire to be like Christ” (“Francis of Assisi,” p. 294). Sabatier, the French Protestant, spends himself in the production of a classical masterpiece of biography in his honor (“Vie de S. François d’Assise”) which in 1894 had attained its fourth edition. A critical historian, his work evidences great research in the matter of documentary illustration and confirmation, while to the discussion of his sources he devotes a sufficiently large part of a large volume. His studies have made him, although a Protestant, a most ardent lover of the saint. In the infidel Renan the thought of St. Francis “excites a touching tenderness,” as M. Sabatier remarks (p. xxxiv of the fourth French edition). But why do I quote all these appreciations—appreciations made, not by Catholics, but by our separated brethren? Who is ignorant of the wide and splendid testimony to his admirable sanctity or of the profound emotions of veneration and love which that pre-eminent sanctity has excited even in the hearts of non-Catholics?

Knowing all this, we do not wonder that Mr. Coffin should have wandered far away from his theme in order to pay a tribute to the saint. “Old Times in the Colonies” has, indeed, nothing to do with St. Francis. But the labors of the Franciscan fathers in the New World might easily suggest a pardonable irrelevancy—an amiable excursion from his theme—in order to pay a

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tribute to the memory of the man whom all the world has agreed to honor. Here is Mr. Coffin's tribute:

“About two hundred years before John and Sebastian Cabot discovered America, a young man in the town of Assisi, in France, became wild on the subject of religion. He had strange dreams, and heard supernatural voices. He took a vow to be a beggar all his life, thinking, with all other monks and friars, that to be dirty, wear rags, and go barefoot, was a sign of humility. To show that he renounced the world, he stripped off all his clothes, wearing only a mantle around his loins. The people flocked in crowds to his teaching. He was so much of a fanatic that he went out into the fields and preached to the ducks and geese, doves and sparrows. He took the name of St. Francis; and though he called himself a saint, he robbed his father to obtain money to build a church, declaring that, as the object was good, the action was right. Other men went wild with religion, and to show their humility became dirty and wore rags, and, instead of working, begged their living. They went on missions, and spread themselves over all the world” (p. 102).

This tribute is so graceful that we easily pardon its irrelevancy. But as the book is recommended for reading in the public schools, we venture to call the attention of the teachers to some slight errors. For instance, there is an error in geography. Mr. Coffin declares that Assisi is a town “in France.” The really great importance of Assisi to the student does not, indeed, arise from any commercial pre-eminence it has now or ever had. But neither is Athens or Sparta of any present importance commercially; while Carth-

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age, at last succumbing to the repeated rhetorical appeal, *Delenda est Carthago*, was so thoroughly “deleted” that its very site is become a matter of dispute. Nevertheless, it would scarcely do to say that Athens was in Thrace, Sparta in Crete, or Carthage in Italy. If in some book I should compile, I should go out of my way to speak of Luther, and should assert that his famous University town of Wittenberg was in Holland, I could scarce resent an impugning of my ability to write any kind of a book—even one for American readers. I venture, therefore, to remind those teachers who shall take up “Old Times in the Colonies” for reading to their charges, that—Mr. Coffin to the contrary notwithstanding—Assisi is *not* in France. Geography is esteemed so highly in the schools, that it really will not *do* to let Mr. Coffin mislead the pupils.

St. Francis “became wild on the subject of religion” in 1208. The Cabots “discovered America” (in the peculiar phrase of Mr. Coffin) in the years 1497–98. It was hardly felicitous for Mr. Coffin to describe the difference of time as “about two hundred years.” It is, however, a small point to call attention to; for it concerns only a man who was “dirty” and who loved to “wear rags.” There are in Mr. Coffin’s narrative some points of fact that are more important. He tells us that the saint “took the name of St. Francis.” One of the points of fact to which I allude is that he did *not* take the name of St. Francis. His baptismal name was John. My

readers will pardon me if I remit Mr. Coffin to a further study of his subject, to discover how the saint became known to the world as “Francesco.” Much less did he “take the name of ‘St.’ Francis.” The Catholic Church is responsible for that naming, and should be charged by Mr. Coffin with all the direful consequences of its act. But however mistaken the Church was in this matter, there is something commendable in the fact that the “sainting” process did not take place during the life, but after the death, of the fanatical preacher to “ducks and geese.”

Again, it is not quite correct to say, as Mr. Coffin does, that “though he called himself a saint, he robbed his father.” It is a wicked thing to rob one’s father; but it would be a mean thing to do so while styling one’s self a “saint.” Moreover, it would be a blunder (easily appealing as such to every sane man), and that is sometimes worse than a crime, I have heard. But I am surprised at the defence which Mr. Coffin puts on the lips of St. Francis, to the effect that “as the object was good, the action was right.” I have always read in books like Mr. Coffin’s that it was the Jesuits who invented that view of morality!

Mr. Coffin has not thus far displayed an alarming familiarity with the history of St. Francis of Assisi. He does not know that Assisi is in Italy; he does not know that John was the real name of the saint; he does not know that he was styled “il Francesco” by his father, on that parent’s re-

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turn from a successful commercial expedition into France; he does not know how the term “saint” was applied to a man who esteemed himself the very least of God’s creatures; he is, in short, an egregious ignoramus in a matter which he undertakes, without any attempt at a show of relevancy, to impart to his readers. These must be reckoned, indeed, as sitting in an unheard of Egyptian darkness of Letters and Art, if they do not know vastly more about St. Francis than does Mr. Coffin. When, therefore, he says that the saint defended his “robbery” by “declaring that, as the object was good, the action was right,” I must be pardoned if I declare my conviction that Mr. Coffin is wickedly mendacious; that he puts on the lips of the saint what is in simplest truth a figment of Mr. Coffin’s imagination.

In respect of the “robbery” question, I shall merely translate the words of the Protestant Sabatier, who knows all the “sources” thoroughly, and has the facts of St. Francis’s life at his finger-ends:

“A horse and some pieces of brilliant cloth were all that he owned; arrived at home, he made a bale of the stuffs, and jumping on horseback, set out for Foligno.”¹

To this I will merely add that at that time the saint was twenty-five years old, and may properly

¹ “Un cheval et quelques pièces d’étoffe de couleurs voyantes étaient tout ce qui lui appartenait; arrivé chez ses parents, il fit un paquet des étoffes et se jetant à cheval partit pour Foligno.” (“Vie de S. François d’Assise,” p. 64.)

be considered as having possessed something in his own right. Of course, to suppose that Mr. Coffin, ignorant of the very first facts of the saint's history, could possibly know anything whatever about “sources,” is too ludicrous. In this instance, he simply seizes with avidity upon the wrong interpretation of an incident which books like the “*Encyclopædia Britannica*” love to distort into an attack. When, however, he further says that the saint justified his “robbery” by the declaration that a good end justifies a bad means, Mr. Coffin becomes original—and mendacious.

In concluding my review of this subject, with quotations from Mrs. Oliphant's “*Francis of Assisi*” and Trench's “*Mediæval Church History*,” I fear that I may not take it for granted that Mr. Coffin has ever heard of either. I am therefore compelled, in a formal fashion, to assure Mr. Coffin and his readers that both Mrs. Oliphant and Dean Trench were thorough Protestants. The former's volume of three hundred pages was published by Macmillan in “*The Sunday Library for Household Reading*.” (I perhaps ought to add, for Mr. C.'s information, that Macmillan is not generally considered a Jesuit in disguise.) And Dean Trench is the author whose exclusion of certain hymns from his volume of “*Sacred Latin Poetry*” (because of a suspected “Romish” superstition) subsequently led the Rev. Dr. Schaff, the Protestant historian and hymnologist, to wonder (in his “*Christ in Song*”) why one of those hymns was not included by Trench.

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Both of these authors, therefore, must be accepted as authorities on the score of learning; for both were students of the life of St. Francis. Both, too, must be accepted for their impartiality; for both were good Protestants. I quote first from Trench (“*Mediaeval Church History*,” p. 232):

“He had already broken with the world, though he had not yet discovered what his wider mission should be; when one day hearing the Gospel read which told of the sending forth of the Twelve Apostles without scrip or staff or shoes or purse [Mr. Coffin picturesquely describes the acquiescence of Francis in the Divine mandate in a different fashion: ‘He took a vow to be a beggar all his life; thinking, with all other monks and friars, that to be dirty, wear rags, and go barefoot, was a sign of humility’], he exclaimed, ‘Here is what I wanted;’ and, without prolonging the time, he at once proceeded to fashion his life after this Apostolic pattern. Poverty, as Dante tells us, which had now been a widow for eleven hundred years, was the bride to whom he was espoused, and from whom he was resolved that nothing should divorce him. . . . But it was not long before the might of self-denying and self-offering love put all mockers and gainsayers to silence [excepting always, of course, Mr. Coffin and the like]. And then there gathered to him one and another, and so a little company, whom he bade go forth, east, and west, and north, and south, to preach the Gospel to the poor. For, indeed, intense sympathy with the poor, a seeing and a serving of Christ in his suffering members, a craving to be himself the poorest of the poor, not stooping to their aid as from a superior height, but himself tasting the very worst of their lot,—this was the master-passion of his soul. Had not his Lord said, ‘I am come to send fire on the earth?’ even the fire, as he rightly understood it, of divine love; and this love, judge what we may of the

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idea on which his Order rested, has perhaps never burned brighter in human heart than in his. In the circle of that love the whole creation, animate and inanimate, was included. The sun was his brother, the moon his sister; doves ate out of his hand; lay in his bosom [‘the ducks and geese, doves and sparrows’ of Mr. Coffin]. A poet, ‘a Minnesinger of the divine love,’ he has bequeathed to us a hymn in the vulgar tongue, which, with all its imperfection of form (for indeed Italian poetry and, we may add, Italian language were hardly yet born), is worthy of all admiration. Nor is it without its significance that to two of his early scholars we are probably indebted for two world-famous hymns,—one the most solemn, the other the most pathetic, in the whole of Latin hymnology—the *Dies Iræ* and the *Stabat Mater*.”

The heart of Trench, by profession an antagonist of Catholicity, is melted wholly in contemplation of the saint. But Mr. Coffin has thoroughly cased his own heart in the Horatian *æstrix*—the “brass,” namely, of amazing ignorance, profound bigotry, and shameless vulgarity. “Rags,” “ducks and geese,”—that is all he can figure in the glowing canvas.

And now for Mrs. Oliphant, another Protestant. (“Francis of Assisi,” p. 294.)

“Such was the end of the life of Francis of Assisi—a life filled with one great master-thought which dominated all other motives of humanity and impulses of nature—the desire to be like Christ. For this he gave up everything that makes existence sweet, choosing the worst, and hardest, and bitterest of all lots. . . . He made visible to a literal, practical, unquestioning age the undeniable and astounding fact that the highest of all

beings chose a life of poverty, hardship, and humbleness. . . . The Son of Man was lifted up, as on another cross. . . . In this world Francis knew nothing, acknowledged nothing, cared for nothing save Christ and Him crucified—except indeed Christ’s world, the universe redeemed, the souls to be saved, the poor to be comforted, the friends to be cherished, the singing birds and bubbling fountains, the fair earth and the sweet sky. Courteous, tender, and gentle as any paladin, sweet-tongued and harmonious as any poet, liberal as any prince, was the barefooted beggar and herald of God. We ask no visionary reverence for the Stigmata, no wondering belief in any miracle. As he stood, he was as great a miracle as any then existing under God’s abundant, miraculous heavens; more wonderful than are the day and night, the sun and the dew; only less wonderful than that great Love which saves the world, and which it was his aim and destiny to reflect and show forth.”

This may seem horribly enthusiastic to Mr. Coffin. I have only to say in answer that Mrs. Oliphant, unlike Mr. Coffin, knows something about her theme. She studied it sufficiently to write a rather extended Life of the saint. Again, the volume is published by a prominent Protestant house, and in all its three hundred pages he is called simply “Francis”—not “St.” Francis. Surely this ear-mark should suffice to guarantee the Protestant orthodoxy of the book! Her concluding words I may not fairly omit. To Francis, she says, “Many a devout heart has turned, as to a living epistle such as may be read of all men, a true and touching Imitation of Christ.”

Now, I am sincerely of the opinion that Superintendent Brooks knew not the character of “Old Times in the Colonies.” Its title readily suggests itself as appropriate for reading in the public schools. No one could surmise beforehand that such treatments as that accorded by Mr. Coffin to St. Francis of Assisi, or such as it is my purpose to present in the succeeding part of the present paper, could possibly find place in a volume with so innocent and attractive a title. I do not, therefore, wish to be understood as criticising Dr. Brooks. But it may be fairly contended, nevertheless, that we are confronted with another out of the countless instances furnished by our literature, of the very great care that should be exercised in the selection of books for children—especially for children in our public schools. For these schools are supported largely by the money of Catholics.

To the mind that considers, even superficially, the character of the book and of Mr. Coffin, its author, how many saddening questions and reflections must of necessity arise! They are reflections to be aware of rather than to be analyzed. The heart has its language as well as the head; and in this case it speaks louder than many words. What shall we say, then, of a book which teaches the tender minds of children to ridicule that which all the world, Protestant and Catholic alike, has esteemed as most lovely and pathetic? a book which holds up to scorn that which should be an object alone of veneration? which guffaws rudely

where it should weep silently? which scoffs where it should pray? In heaping rude abuse on the ideal poverty of St. Francis, do we exalt, in the minds of our children, the ideal of Him Who had not where to lay His head? Or is the present generation so rich in altruistic models that it can afford to gibe at a saint who was one of the noblest of all?

Leaving questions of the heart, and listening to those of the head—Will it *do* to train up our children to such a point of view as will make the poetry of Dante, and the innumerable masterpieces of Art dealing with St. Francis, something to be laughed at rather than to be studied? Is the inconceivable ignorance of Mr. Coffin in the very matters he has elected to write about, to be a proper object-lesson of the financial success attending ignorance in America, provided that ignorance display itself with sufficient brutality and candor? Is the spirit of tenderness to all of God's creatures, which has formed some of our children into “Bands of Mercy,” to become the subject of ridicule in the person of St. Francis? Are the “ducks and geese” of Mr. Coffin's jocoseness funnier than the dogs and cats of the Bands of Mercy?

Apropos, I am led here to quote from Mrs. Jameson (also a Protestant, Mr. C.). In her “Legends of the Monastic Orders,” she finds it necessary to preface a discussion of the artistic purpose dominating the work, with brief biographies of the saints treated in Art. Speaking of

the inspiration which the life of St. Francis gave to Art, she writes :

“Were all other evidence wanting, we might form some idea of the passionate enthusiasm inspired by the character of St. Francis, and the popularity and influence of his Order, from the incalculable number of the effigies which exist of him.”

Mrs. Jameson partly classifies the paintings. And what kingly artists have essayed the saintly theme! A history of modern painting could almost be constructed out of it. I am not concerned with this just now, however; and I pass on to her view of the “ducks and geese” to which, as Mr. Coffin reminds us, St. Francis was so fanatical as to sermonize :

“And here we must pause for a moment. The last subject will probably excite a smile, but that smile ought to be a serious smile,—not a sneer; and I cannot pass it over without remark.

“Among the legends of St. Francis, some of the most interesting are those which place him in relation with the lower animals. He looked upon all beings as existing by and through God, and as having a portion of that divine principle by which he himself existed. He was accustomed to call all living things his brothers and sisters. . . . He appears to have thought that all sentient beings had a share in the divine mission of Christ; and since a part of that divine mission was to enlarge the sphere of our human sympathies, till they embrace *all* our fellow-creatures, it should seem that the more the tender spirit of Christianity is understood and diffused, the more will the lower creation be elevated through our own more elevated intelligence and refined sympathies. Dr. Arnold says, in a striking passage of one of his

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letters, that ‘the destinies of the brute creation appeared to him a mystery which he could not approach without awe.’ St. Francis, in his gentle and tender enthusiasm, solved that mystery—at least to himself—by admitting animals within the pale of Christian sympathy.”

And now, in conclusion, let me say that I have not brought together these glowing testimonies of Protestants to the venerable character and lovable sweetness of the “seraph of Assisi” for the purpose of refuting Mr. Coffin. As far as he is concerned he is obviously too much beneath notice as an author to waste a word upon. But it is not useless, perhaps, to have illustrated the vastly different complexions of men like Coffin, Mosheim, *et al.*, when compared with writers like Trench, Milman, Oliphant, Jameson, Sabatier, who have really studied their subject, and whose study has led them all in the one direction of a most enthusiastic love and veneration—Protestant though they be—for a Catholic saint. Another purpose I have had in view is to illustrate the danger which books like Coffin’s must possess for tender minds not as yet—it would appear—expanded sufficiently to appreciate decent literature. All the apparatus of the succeeding parts of this paper will have a similar purpose.

II. FROM CHINA TO PERU.

In his Preface, Mr. Coffin tells us how comprehensive was his view of the task he assigned himself in a previous volume, “The Story of Liberty” (also recommended by Dr. Brooks):

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“While preparing that work I discovered that there was no volume in existence that would give the young people of our country an idea of the struggles of men in England and Europe against the tyranny of emperors, kings, popes, archbishops, bishops, and inquisitors; to supply that want, I wrote a second volume, entitled ‘The Story of Liberty,’ which traced a chain of events through a period of five hundred years, from the signing of Magna Charta to the settlement of Jamestown and Plymouth. This volume [‘Old Times in the Colonies’], therefore, fills the gap between the others in time, and together they make a series, not of general history, but an outline history of the progress of ideas.”

Of the present volume he says:

“It will show how the Old World laws, habits, and customs were gradually changed; how the grand ideas of Freedom and the Rights of Man took root and flourished.”

All this will display the temper of mind of Mr. Coffin. He candidly declares both his brief and his animus. “The grand ideas of Freedom and the Rights of Man” are terms to conjure with; but a simple narrative of what took place in the Old Times in the Colonies will not display those ideas in very charming lights. As if fearful of this truth, Mr. Coffin spatters his pages with irrelevant declamation against Europe, its laws, customs, etc. He writes as though the Colonies had achieved the realization of those grand ideas while the rest of the world remained stationary. The simple fact seems to be that England, whose despotism achieved our liberties, has progressed in

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liberty beyond ourselves. Religious toleration, for instance, is to-day a fact in England, while it remains here still very much of a theory where Catholics are concerned. It would require a very large volume to detail the persistent attempts of Know-Nothings and A. P. A.-ists to wrest from Catholics whatever shreds of political prerogative they now enjoy; while the campaigns of riot and bloodshed and church-burning have but given place to the conspiracy of histories like Mr. Coffin's, of sermons like Madison Peters's, of literature like Edith O'Gorman's, of lectures like Margaret Sheppard's, and of political appeals like the Rev. Mr. King's. Meanwhile, it is notorious that the Burchardian spectre of “Rum, Romanism, and Rebellion” succeeds admirably in a practical barring of Catholics from those “highest offices in the State” which are theoretically open to the aspirations of the humblest child. These are not, indeed, picturesque phrases like those of Mr. Coffin; they are naked and bald facts.

In England, to-day, the real liberties of the citizen are better protected than in America. This is the constant taunt levelled at the American traveller by the cultivated and free Britisher; and I could swell out this brief paper into a small library by giving extracts from our daily press to illustrate the practical disfranchisement of our fellow-citizens by Bossism and machine-politics.

“Oh, wad some power the giftie gie us
To see oursel's as others see us!”

“The Rights of Man”—it is a glorious phrase.

It is needless to point out that in the French Revolution it meant intolerance, proscription, and the guillotine. With us of the present day it means that the Constitution, the Magna Charta of our Freedom, does not follow the flag into Porto Rico and the Philippines. For nearly a century after the Colonies had become the Republic, it meant Negro Slavery.

What are we reading in Mr. Coffin's book. What else, indeed, but “words, words, words,” like Hamlet? Let me extract some of these words (p. 66) :

“The English are in Virginia, the French in Canada. Feeble both the plantings. Which will have the most vigorous growth? What are the forces lying behind them to give them strength? One is Magna Charta—the *right* of the many; the other of the Feudal ages—the *privilege* of the few, and the *right* of none. In England the people are questioning the privileges of the king; in France the king is absolute, and no one asks any questions. England rejects the supreme authority of the Pope; France accepts it. In the great struggle between these two diverse civilizations, which will most likely go down? which, for the well-being, happiness and advancement of the human race, ought to go down?”

The religious issue is raised by Mr. Coffin. But was Magna Charta a Protestant or a Catholic achievement? And the Tudor dynasty, which defied the Pope and levelled Catholicity in the dust—was it famous for the concession of the rights of the many? was it not notorious for its vindication of the privilege of the few? Mr. Coffin is surely maundering. All English history

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fails to afford a parallel to the absolutism and tyranny of the Protestantizing *régimes* of the Tudors and Stuarts. Neither will all the history of Christianity afford a parallel to the absolutism and tyranny of the Colonial laws of Massachusetts and the Blue Laws of Connecticut. Nor is the religious freedom guaranteed by our Constitution the result of liberal ideas, but of the sheer necessities surrounding and dictating the project of colonial federation in America.

So diverse were the religious conditions in Pennsylvania and Connecticut, for instance, that the only avenue left open to a real union was the agreement to disagree. No republic could cohere with disbarments in one state and toleration in another. Little thanks to “the grand ideas of Freedom and the Rights of Man.” Maryland is a classical illustration. Boiled down, its history is as follows:

I. The Catholic settlement of Maryland gives Protestants equal religious and civil rights with Catholics.

II. “Many Puritans, drawn by the toleration of the Baltimores, had now settled in Maryland, and manifested there a spirit very different to that shown towards them by the proprietors. Civil war had begun in England between the Puritans and the king, and, taking advantage of this, Clayborne stirred up the Maryland Puritans to an attack on the Catholics” (Charles Morris’s “History of the United States,” for schools. Lippincott, 1898).

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III. The Puritans signalize their ascendancy gained by havoc. They persecute Catholics (1645).

IV. They are repulsed, and the Catholics signalize the return to the *status quo ante* by an Act of Toleration (1649) by which the original toleration granted by them to all Christians is formally sanctioned by a law.

V. “In 1652, Clayborne and Bennett, as Commissioners of the Commonwealth of England, overthrew the proprietary government, and when Lord Baltimore prepared to restore it, they convened an assembly, first prohibiting any Catholic to vote for or to sit as a delegate. The body called, after thus excluding the Catholic majority, passed an act concerning religion, which began, ‘It is hereby enacted and declared that none who profess and exercise the Popish (commonly called the Roman Catholic) religion, can be protected in this province by the laws of England, formerly established and yet unrepealed; nor by the government of the Commonwealth of England, etc., but to be restrained from the exercise thereof.’” (Shea, “The Catholic Church in Colonial Days,” p. 74).

VI. “Lord Baltimore, however, at last recovered his authority, liberty of conscience was restored. . . . The influx of Protestants after this increased. . . .” (Shea, p. 76); “and during the next thirty years the colony grew in wealth and population” (Morris, p. 120).

VII. “Yet the old religious difficulty in time

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reappeared, the adherents of the Church of England seeking, after 1676, to oppress all who differed from them in religious faith. In 1689, William and Mary, the new monarchs of England, came to the throne. They were pledged to support the Protestant cause, and severe laws were passed against Catholics. The government of Maryland was usurped by a Protestant association, and the Calverts were robbed of their province.

“In 1691 Maryland was declared a royal province . . . and the Church of England was declared the established church, taxes being laid for its support, though it had few members among the population. The Catholic worship was forbidden, and was not permitted again in Maryland while it remained under English rule” (Morris, p. 120).

Very pretty reading, this. Nearly as pretty reading, in its way, is the history of the penal laws in the Colonies issued against those who did not conform to the religious status introduced variously, in varying forms, in the various settlements. A book which should give us a complete history of all this and of some other interesting things, such as Slavery, the Indian imbroglios, the Drink question, etc., ought to prove highly instructive. I suggest a title for it: “High Old Times in the Colonies.”

After this slight glance at the history of Maryland, the rhetoric with which Mr. Coffin begins to close his Preface will be appreciated (p. 8) :

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“Through all the narratives of wars, massacres, and bloodshed you will see Right, Justice, and Liberty ever advancing.”

Of the tolerance of Catholic Maryland, of the intolerance of the Puritans and Anglicans there, Mr. Coffin says NOTHING!

III. PURER WORSHIP.

“Some of the ministers of the Church of England did not like to make the sign of the cross when they baptized a child, and there were other things distasteful to them in the ritual which the bishop had established. They desired a *purser* form of worship, and so were called Puritans by those who ridiculed them” (p. 51).

They are phrases often encountered in history and literature—“*purser* Gospel,” “*purser* worship.” It is curious that they have no reference whatever to purity of morals. Indeed, the places and sometimes the persons to which they are applied have been notorious for a rapid decadence of morality. The “pure Gospel” preached by Luther was followed in his own University town by a very flood of immorality. Twenty-eight years after his famous ninety-five Theses, he writes to Prince George of Anhalt, concerning Wittenberg: “I am living, or rather being killed (*mortificamur*) in this Sodom and Babylon.” The Scriptures have furnished Luther with the most terrible names for this Wittenberg, the darling city of the Reformation. Genesis furnishes the first, Apocalypse the second; and both are horrible in the extreme. Taine gloried in the

introduction of the Reformation into England; although, as he quaintly admits, it entered “by the back door.” Gifford, the biographer of Ben Jonson, speaks of that poet (who had, in prison, become a Catholic) as embracing again the “*purser* Gospel” when he subsequently left the Catholic Church. But what a stench of immorality rises from the pages of the purified Ben! This never seems to offend Gifford. I possess a little volume of Ballads of the Cavaliers. The Puritans are described in verses I dare not quote. I do not mean to imply that I believe all the horrid accusations. But I am led, in this connection, to notice the peculiar fact that our antagonists not merely pretend to believe, but go to the indecent length of quoting, the vilest stuff manufactured by the enemies of the monks, the popes, the nuns, the hierarchy, the rites and ceremonies of the Catholic Church. This Professor Robinson did in his brochure on the Original Sources of “The Pre-Reformation Period.” This did his Lordship, Bishop Creighton, of London, in his “History of the Papacy,” vol. vi., “Letters of Obscure Men;” and in the volume treating of the Council of Florence. Taine revels in the impure details he quotes from Luther’s description of Rome. These are a few illustrations of a kind of argumentation in which Catholics, deprived of the Purser Worship, dare not engage—not for lack of material, but for very decency’s sake. The material at our very hand is extremely abundant and extremely loathsome; and we dare not soil

our pages with it. But it is a truth amply witnessed to by history, that wherever the “purer” Gospel was introduced, purity visibly declined.

Now, in view of this short history of such phrases, Catholics are not unreasonably dissatisfied that in books such as Mr. Coffin’s the phrase “purer worship” should appear italicized and with no qualifying words. The Puritans “desired a *purer* form of worship,” says Mr. Coffin. He italicizes *purer*. Why did he not say, instead, “The Puritans desired a form of worship which would be, *in their opinion*, a purer form”?¹ Is he a Puritan writing for Puritans? Perhaps he is. In such an attitude I do not quarrel with him. But is it just or fair that such language be given to our children in the public schools?

IV. FISHERIES AND FAST DAYS.

Mr. Coffin devotes Chapter II. to what he styles “Forces of Civilization.” Speaking of the importance of fisheries, he treats the reader to a condensed but erudite dissertation on the economics of days of fast and days of abstinence. He does not use these terms, indeed; the distinction would be beyond him—“all is fish that comes to his net.” But I have used them for the sake of clearness. His pleasant humor relieves the

¹ That it is not hypercritical to urge this contention, is evidenced by the care taken by “Chambers’s Encyclopædia,” S. V. *Puritans*, where “pure” is placed in quotation-marks: “the ‘pure’ word of God” (Ed. 1878).

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dulness so often found in such discussions. He does not weary his readers with too great particularity of statement, or lay too severe a tax on the gray matter of the brain by a rigid adherence to logic. Writing for Americans, he seems to feel conscious of the necessity of taking nothing for granted in the line of general knowledge or general information. He says:

“No one knows exactly how it came about, but many years before the discovery of the New World, the Pope decreed that it was wicked to eat meat on Fridays, saints’ days, or during Lent, but that it was not wrong to eat fish.”

Mr. Coffin is *naïf*. He tells us that “no one knows exactly how it came about,” and in the same breath informs us that it was brought about because “the Pope decreed” it. It was not *a* Pope; it was “*the* Pope.” If, misled by the definite article, we should ask, “*Which* Pope?” we should be doing violence to that freemasonry of ignorance which protects men like Mr. Coffin from the censure of their fellow-historians and fellow-educators in America. The fundamental doctrine of our pedagogical Republic of Letters is “Live and let live!”

“Many years,” says Mr. Coffin. This sounds like the beginning of a fairy-tale—and that is what it is, sure enough! If he had said “Many centuries,” he would have come nearer the mark; but then the romantic atmosphere that hangs about “Many years” would have been lost to his fairy-tale.

Catholics were not allowed to eat meat “on saints’ days,” he tells us. Artemus Ward, quite as great an authority on humor as Mr. Coffin, warns writers against distributing “hunks of information that isn’t so.” We have been accustomed to regard “saints’ days” as “feast days” rather than as “fast days.” But we must now revise our opinion. Or it may be that he was thinking of vigils! Of course, I do not credit him with a knowledge of the etymology of the word, or of its devotional meaning; but it may be that he confused some such phrase as “the vigil of St. Matthew” with the Feast of St. Matthew. After this brief but comprehensive introduction, Mr. Coffin gets down to the heart of his thesis on fasts and fisheries:

“There were so many saints to be honored that on more than one hundred days during the year no meat could be eaten, and in consequence there was a great demand for fish.”

This is certainly an amazing piece of information. It is the only particularized statement in the whole dissertation. And I suppose that Mr. Coffin arrived at its particularity by some such process of reasoning as the following: “Vigils of saints” is a phrase equivalent to “saints’ days.” But saints’ holidays were nearly as frequent as working-days. Therefore, on more than one hundred days Catholics were not allowed the use of meat.

Of course, this syllogism is faulty in many

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respects. First, vigils are not saints' days. Again, on but very few vigils—at most a dozen in number—was fasting obligatory. Again, “saints' days” are *feasts*, not *fasts*.

While it may be freely admitted that Mr. Coffin's treatment of fasts and fisheries adorns the tale he tells, it may also be fairly considered as pointing a moral. For what class of rudimentary intelligences he writes his book I really do not know. But one could not err in assigning that class to pupils of the tenderest age. For it is only little children who could rest content with such information. A certain little boy was worrying his father, during an exciting game of baseball, by a stream of questions that interrupted the close parental concentration on the details of the game. Finally the boy demanded, “Pop, who shuts that gate when all the people are gone?” With a sublime readiness, the indulgent parent replied, “Some MAN.” The boy's thirst for information was satisfied completely by the answer.

It is just in such a fashion that Mr. Coffin writes. His account of fasting is precisely what one might look for from the first man encountered on the street. “I say, Jones, can you tell me why Catholics fast?” Jones replies: “Oh, ‘some Pope’ ordered them to do so ‘many years’ ago.” It is the illustration of the boy and the gate over again. “Some man”—that is the gist of Mr. Coffin's treatment of fasts.

Even if his treatment were exact, instead of being exquisitely vague and inexact and false, he

should have reflected that it was inappropriate. For “Old Times in the Colonies” is a small book on a large subject. A sense of proportion should have safeguarded him from indulging in even a brief treatment of the relation between fasts and fisheries. Bancroft allows himself many stately volumes, but does not feel it necessary to dilate on the commercial importance of fisheries. He would not insult the intelligence of his readers, all of whom are glad to have fish to eat, fasts or no fasts. But Mr. Coffin’s sense of proportion leads him to estimate an irrelevant, and a vulgar, and an ignorant guffaw on fasting as of paramount importance for the sale of his book. I have too much respect for Dr. Brooks, for his general information, his culture, his politeness, to believe that he has really read the volume which he recommends for the perusal of the cultivated body of teachers in the public schools of Philadelphia.

IV. JESUITS!

John Oliver Hobbes, in her “School for Saints,” gives (p. 176) an interesting picture of an election scene in England. Robert Orange, a convert to Catholicity, is addressing the electors, who are divided into factions,—the “blue doves” for the Liberals; the “yellow doves” for Mr. Vandeleur, the Conservative candidate. Robert Orange is also a candidate, unknown as a politician until he appears on the hustings:

“His fine athletic figure, his plain dress, his whole appearance was that of an English gentleman of the true

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school. They waited anxiously for the sound of his voice. Vegetables and eggs were held in readiness for the first imperfection in language. [He had been described in the local prints of his opponents as a foreigner.] He came forward. His countenance was eminently pleasing, and his manner was unaffected. He spoke with some nervousness, but in language as clear and simple as though, to quote a contemporary, he had been addressing the very flower of Europe, or a Vatican council. He was allowed to continue for some minutes without interruption, till one of the ‘yellow doves,’ at a glance from Mr. Vandeleur, raised the cry of ‘Jesuit!’ This was enough. The groans, hisses, and hoots—for the temporary lull—recommenced with double vigor. Heads were smashed. Robert himself was pelted with garbage. Gross things were said of the papacy and the priesthood. The note of blasphemy was not wanting. That fatal cry of ‘Jesuit!’ had worked, so it seemed, irretrievable harm. ‘Blue’ attacked ‘blue’ and ‘yellow’ turned against ‘yellow.’ Bruised ears, battered noses, blackened eyes, swollen cheeks, and cracked teeth were perhaps the worst outward signs of the struggle. A constable had his arm broken, and a priest—who had rashly ventured into the crowd—suffered from a dislocated shoulder. A child was killed, a woman carrying an infant was knocked down, but the rest escaped lightly. The scene, however, became so wild that the Riot Act was read, and the mounted police were permitted some rough riding.”

The Gordon riots warn us that this scene is fiction founded on fact. Ignorant or deluded Protestants of all classes and shades of belief or unbelief are as the powder magazine which may be exploded at any time by some foolish or fanatical person who is willing to throw into it the firebrand-cry of “Jesuits!”

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The series of “Jesuit Relations,” in some sixty-eight volumes, is nearly finished. It will go into libraries, but it will not be read by those whom it most concerns. Mr. Coffin’s book will still be read. It is recommended for reading in the public schools, by their superintendent, Dr. Brooks. What, then, has Mr. Coffin to tell us about them? He indulges in the usual lofty rhetoric in describing their incomparable missionary zeal in all the waste places of earth. In this connection we are treated to such phrases as “deserts of Africa,” “jungles of India,” “steppes of Asia,” “banks of the Amazon,” “peaks of the Andes.” They are, indeed, everywhere. Their courage, privations, sufferings, patience, are but a copy of those features which St. Paul declared, in glowing terms, to have characterized his own missionary travels. As Mr. Coffin remarks, the Jesuits are

“to die of hunger, thirst, cold or heat, disease or violence, to labor without reward except that which the Virgin Mary [here beginneth the lamentation of Mr. Coffin] would extend to them, through their sacrifices to save souls from the clutches of the devil” (p. 49).

The well-known motto of the Society of Jesus is, “Unto the greater glory of God.” I presume Mr. Coffin has detected the “Jesuitry” of the motto. For, as it now seems, they do not look to God for their reward, but to “the Virgin Mary.” It was a skilful stroke of Mr. Coffin’s, to set things straight before descending from his “peaks of the Andes” to encounter the Jesuits in the plain

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walks of daily life. The sublimities of Jesuitical self-sacrifice are idolatrous extravagances, after all; and we accordingly become prepared for the more minute and detailed analysis which Mr. Coffin gives of the methods employed by the Jesuits to achieve their end. He continues (p. 50):

“They were to persuade men where persuasion was available; employ force where force was possible. It was their province to spy out the actions of men,—meddle in all their affairs; fathom the secrets of human hearts; interfere in households, in cabinets, in halls of justice and legislation; set father against son, and son against father; stir up strife between husband and wife, mother and daughter. All earthly relations, all human considerations, all the ties which men deem sacred, were subordinated to the idea that baptism into the Church was of more value than anything else; that they were commanded by the Virgin to rescue men from perdition.

“To bring about that end any means were justifiable. Each member was to watch every other member; report their faithfulness or unfaithfulness. They had one watchword,—Obedience. With a zeal such as the world had never before witnessed the Jesuits went forth upon their missions. Their history is interwoven with that of every nation, a record of self-denial, hardship, suffering, martyrdom, of burning zeal, fiery energy, tireless activity, unquenchable ardor; of religious devotion, worldly wisdom, benevolence, and charity; deceit, falsehood, hypocrisy, cruelty, and despotism. If they have been charitable and kind, they have also blackened history by the darkest of crimes. If they have lifted men to higher and nobler lives, they have also sent myriads to prisons and burnt hundreds of thousands at the stake. Time has not quenched their zeal, and though three hundred and fifty years have passed since their organi-

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zation, they are still making their power felt in every country, controlling the consciences and actions of men.

“The tomahawk and scalping-knife at the bidding of the Jesuits will do bloody work from the Penobscot to the Ohio, and the lurid light of burning dwellings will illumine the midnight sky. Men, women, and children will pass through the gloomy wilderness, from their ruined homes on the banks of the Merrimac and Connecticut, to Quebec and Montreal to be sold into slavery. The old and young, the strong and weak, will redden the snows of winter with their blood. It was the disappointment of Ignatius Loyola in love and the firing of a cannon at Pampeluna that started this crimson stream.”

They are certainly a curious body of men, these Jesuits! “The members of the society went forth to convert the world,” remarks Mr. Coffin. In this fact they resemble the apostles. They went forth, he says, “to thread the jungles of India, traverse the deserts of Africa and the steppes of Asia; uphold the Cross on the banks of the Amazon, and plant it upon the peaks of the Andes.” Again they resemble the apostles, whom the Master who had died on the Cross commissioned to preach that Cross in “the uttermost parts of the earth.” Whether we look at the name of their Society—“The Company of Jesus”—or look at the shorter title by which they are commonly known,—“Jesuits,”—we notice that it includes the Sacred Name of the Saviour. And in this we are made aware of another striking resemblance between their fate and that of the apostles, to whom Christ said, “You shall be

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hated by all men for my NAME's sake.” They have, indeed, been persecuted and hated, in every land, for that NAME's sake. “But have confidence,” said Christ, “I have overcome the world.” And, in truth, the Jesuits did manage, somehow or other, to achieve that “victory which overcometh the world.” Finally, the Jesuits seem to be still thriving in the quiet way peculiar to self-sacrifice.

Mr. Coffin, in contrasting so vividly their high ideals, their zeal, their privations, and their awful patience, with the horrible things he lays at their door, presents us with a marvel more astonishing even than their resemblance to the apostles. “How in the world do they manage to get along?” we are forced to ask. What motive prompts any Jesuit to “leave all things” (like the apostles), and to leave them for the purpose of “enduring all things” (again like the apostles), in order to load his soul down with a perfect mass of iniquities which can only purchase an everlasting damnation deeper and deeper in hell in proportion to the time he spent on this earth in self-denial and patience? I presume that Mr. Coffin would answer, “Fanaticism.” Gibbon's famous five reasons for the success of Christianity, illogical as they are, are yet more reasonable than the answer, “Fanaticism.” If we apply here the test proposed by Christ, “By their fruits ye shall know them,” what do we find? Mr. Coffin has shown us the charity, joy, peace, self-denial, etc., of the Jesuits. St. Paul sticks to the

test proposed, and enumerates the fruits of the Spirit of God, which are, he declares, “ charity, joy, peace, patience, benignity, goodness, longanimity, mildness, faith, modesty, continence, chastity ” (Gal. v. 22, 23). All these are the persistent fruits of “ Jesuitical ” activity as they are the ear-marks of all Jesuit writing and living. Do people gather grapes of thorns, or figs of thistles? Can we then believe the horrors asserted by Mr. Coffin as possible fruits of such a good tree? Mr. Coffin, of course, can not bring forward a scintilla of proof to illustrate his gross charges. Neither shall I pretend to add anything in defence of a body of men who, like their Master, have remained silent in the hall of Pilate, but whose vindication has been achieved by other pens and voices than theirs—for their silence would make the very stones cry out. But, in order to compare the judgments of revilers like Mr. Coffin (who doubtless never read a line of Jesuit writing, never held converse with, and perhaps never even saw, a Jesuit) with defenders like Mr. Marshall (who, having despised, began to admire and love them after he had read their authentic history and held converse with them and witnessed their lives), I shall make space here for an extract from “ My Clerical Friends ” (p. 206) :

“ There had been a time when the Jesuits were to me, fed from childhood upon fables and fictions, what they still are to most of my countrymen. No lessons sink deeper into the heart than those which we derive from

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early associations, and none resist more violently the process of ejection. But I had investigated, before I left England, with all the care which I could employ, the authentic history of the Society of Jesus. Since that date I have known its members in many lands, and have been honored, during a quarter of a century, with their intimate friendship. . . . It seems to me that, after such ample experience, I am at least better qualified to judge them, however feeble my powers of discernment or discrimination may be, than men who have never conversed with them at all, and have known them only by the slanderous tongue of rumor. The Bishop of Liège observed, during the Vatican Council, alluding to the prelates who opposed the definition: ‘What sort of apostles are these, who come to us *with an escort of all the enemies of the Name of Jesus?*’ The argument, which was felt by many to be decisive, applies with equal force to the Jesuits. All that is base in this world—the impious, the impure, the seditious, the false brethren, and the worldly-wise—suspect or hate them. It is impossible to misinterpret this agreement of the agents of the evil one. He does not waste his forces. If he incessantly stimulates heretics, infidels, and all who follow his banner, to rage against the Society of Jesus, it is probably because he recognizes in it an adversary.”

But there is an opposition to the Society of Jesus which is not that of false principles, but rather of false information or ignorant presumption. Of this opposition Mr. Marshall says (p. 208) :

“No such conscious policy, it is true, animates the mass of those who revile and fear the Jesuits, without knowing anything about them. It is only a blundering and unintelligent animosity which such men cherish. The human animal is perhaps never so maudlin and

irrational as when he raves against the Jesuits. In his periodical vociferations, the mind has no more part than it had in the old cry of the heathen, '*Christianos ad leones.*' He knows no more about the Jesuits than the satellites of a Roman prefect knew about St. Polycarp or St. Cyprian. He is no better qualified to judge them than he is to command an army or to prove the lunar theory. He knows that they teach what he ignorantly dislikes, and that is all. Human antipathies have often no other foundation.”

I should like to quote the whole glowing tribute of Paul Féval, who at last learned to pray where of old he had scoffed. But I conclude merely with the text placed by him at the head of his work entitled “Jesuits!” It will serve as an answer to the question, Why are the Jesuits reviled and persecuted?

“They knelt down and Ignatius prayed thus: ‘O God! grant that the house of thy servants may be built not for themselves alone, but for others, so that, having given their life for the salvation of men in Jesus Christ, *they may never cease to be persecuted* for thy greater glory, who livest and reignest, world without end. Amen.’ And having made the sign of the cross, they arose.”

V. TOBACCO.

Apparently, Mr. Coffin reckons tobacco among the “Forces of Civilization.” Under this heading, at all events, he treats us to a short disquisition on its great vogue:

“King James I. hated tobacco, and wrote a book against its use. Pope Urban VIII. and Innocent XI. issued bulls against smoking. The priests of the Mo-

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hammedan religion cried out against it, and the sultan, Amurat IV., cut off the noses of those that used it. Vain prohibition! The love for tobacco increased. All nations acquired the habit of smoking.”

This short account has succeeded in making me a student of tobacco; to the slight extent, at least, of consulting some handy books of reference. My studies in this direction have led me to surmise that Mr. Coffin is indebted to “Chambers’s Encyclopedia” for his information. In the edition of 1878 of that invaluable work, I find:

“The popes Urban VIII. and Innocent XI. fulminated against it the thunders of the church; the priests and sultans of Turkey declared smoking a crime, Sultan Amurat IV. decreeing its punishment by the most cruel kinds of death; the pipes of smokers were thrust through their noses in Turkey; and in Russia the noses of smokers were cut off in the earlier part of the seventeenth century. King James I. of England issued a ‘Counterblaste to Tobacco,’ in which he described its use as ‘a custom loathsome to the eye, hateful to the nose, harmful to the brain, dangerous to the lungs, and in the black, stinking fume thereof nearest resembling the horrible Stygian smoke of the pit that is bottomless.’ All opposition, however, was in vain. The use of tobacco increased.”

Read Mr. Coffin once more, dear reader, and you will be struck by the great similarity of these two extracts. Of course, he has managed to get things mixed a little, as is his wont; but substantially he has extracted faithfully.

The “Britannica” says:

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“During the seventeenth century the indulgence in tobacco spread with marvellous rapidity throughout all nations, and that in the face of the most resolute opposition of statesmen and priests, the ‘Counterblaste’ of a great monarch, penal enactments of the most severe description, the knout, excommunication, and capital punishment.”

It should not be surprising that, amidst such universal execration of tobacco by the sovereigns of the world, the popes had thought it expedient to utter, in the manner open to them, a strong declaration against it.

Had they chosen to excommunicate all smokers they would have been supported by the notables mentioned in my extracts, by the large sanction of physicians, and in our own day by a still larger public to which tobacco in any form is repellent from a sensitiveness sometimes physical, sometimes sentimental. But if, as subsequent events have shown, the popes had “fulminated thunders” unwisely in this matter, it goes without saying that their prerogative of infallibility would not have been entrenched upon or endangered. Still, a Catholic does not like to feel that the popes have been arbitrary, even in the slightest degree, in the use of their disciplinary powers. Looking through the encyclopædias, I have been struck with the varying treatments accorded to the “excommunication” issued against tobacco-users. Chambers’s (edition of 1878) speaks of Urban VIII. and Innocent XI. as having “fulminated against it [tobacco] the thunders of the church.”

The edition of 1897 uses less picturesque language. It quietly says that “Pope Urban VIII. and Innocent XI. issued decrees.” Johnson’s (edition of 1878) restricts the thing to but one of these two popes. It says, “Pope Urban VIII. issued a bull excommunicating those who should use tobacco *in churches*.” I have italicized the last phrase. It is short and unpretentious; but what a flood of light it throws on this excommunication “fulminated” against tobacco! It now seems that the popes have dwindled to one; and, furthermore, that the decree was not directed against tobacco, but against its profane use in the House of God! Johnson’s (edition of 1897) says nothing *in re*. One more encyclopædia, and I have done with them for the present. Notice the family resemblance displayed by the “*Encyclopédie du XIXe Siècle*” (1877). Amurat IV., the Russian Czar, the Persian Shah, the Pope, and James I., all appear:

“Amurat IV., empereur des Turcs, le tzar de Moscovie Boris et le shah de Perse en défendirent l’usage à leurs sujets sous les peines les plus sévères. Les contrevenants avaient le nez coupé. . . . La récidive entraînait la peine de mort. Le pape Urbain IV. [*sic*] ne se montra pas moins ennemi du tabac. Par une bulle, datée de 1604 [*sic*] il excommunia tous ceux qui prisaient dans l’église. Enfin Jacques, premier roi d’Angleterre, ne dédaigna pas d’écrire tout un traité contre la pernicieuse plante. Mais, vains efforts; les édits, les ukases, les bulles et les brochures furent impuissant et le tabac ne tarda pas à régner partout en maître.”

M. Gaston de Tayac, the author of the above cited words, has managed to mix up dates and names in a bewildering fashion. “Urban IV.” for Urban VIII. might be considered a misprint. But even thus considered, it will not explain the date assigned. Urban IV. died in the year 1264; Urban VIII. began his reign in 1623. How does M. de Tayac get his date “1604”? It is not likely that he had in mind the “Counterblaste” of James I., published in 1604? But what a maze of variations in the encyclopædias!

What are the facts? The trouble I have taken to look the matter up in the “Magnum Bullarium Romanum” has been well repaid. This I have done, not because the whole question of tobacco has anything to do with faith or morals, but because a recourse to original sources is nearly always advisable in the study of history. The lesson to be derived from a comparison of Coffins and encyclopædias with the decrees they bandy so lightly and misstate so jauntily, is highly instructive. In the “Bullarium” the document is assigned to the year 1642. Urban VIII., at the solicitation of the Dean and Chapter of the Metropolitan Church of Seville, issued a Bull empowering his nuncio in Spain to publish, when and where he might see fit, the papal excommunication against any person who should use tobacco in any form within the precincts of any church in the city and diocese of Seville. The Pope did not “fulminate the thunders of the church” against tobacco, but against the alleged profana-

tion of *some* churches of *one* city and diocese,—namely, Seville. But why Seville? The reason is given in the Bull, which recites the allegations of the Pope’s petitioners, to the effect that the custom of “taking tobacco” had, in some churches of that city, penetrated even to the sanctuary, to the disgust of all decent people.

Will not my readers pardon me for this long dissertation, in view of its important lessons? Tobacco has not been the issue presented to us, but the misleading statements of popular historians and even encyclopædias. If Superintendent Brooks should issue a decree against truant school-boys, he may reasonably look to have it quoted against him, some day or other, as a condemnation of public schools. And I have grave reason to fear that this little critique of mine, if it should be honored by the perusal of future historians, will be referred to as an obscurantist declaration against the study of history.

VI. FURS AND FEUDALISM.

Mr. Coffin discusses furs and feudalism and “the religion of Rome” as follows (p. 43):

“Canada was settled by emigrants from France, through this demand for furs, planting on the St. Lawrence the religion of Rome and the ideas of the feudal age, that allowed the people no rights, nor any voice in the government.”

Mr. Coffin cannot get rid of “the religion of Rome.” It was planted in America by Colum-

bus; was preached north, south, east, and west by Catholic priests,—monks, “Jesuits,” bishops,—whose only aim was to bring the glad tidings to them that sat in darkness and in the valley of the shadow of death, that they might wash their robes in the blood of the Lamb. Mr. Coffin can not escape from the cloud of witnesses to this great American fact. He can, however, dexterously insinuate many things, and treat that fact as a sad and forbidding thing.

There are some interesting facts connected with the French settlement of New France. For instance, the Huguenot enterprises, their hostility to the Jesuit missionaries, etc. I quote from Mr. Thwaite’s Introduction to his series of “Jesuit Relations” (vol. i. p. 5):

“Missionaries came early upon the scene. With the Calvinist De Monts were Huguenot ministers for the benefit of the settlers, and Catholic priests to open a mission among the savages, for the court had stipulated with him that the latter were to be instructed only in the faith of Rome. But no missionary work was done, for the colony was through several years on the verge of dissolution, and the priests became victims of scurvy. Poutrincourt, who held under De Monts the patent for Port Royal, did nothing to further the purposes of the court in this regard, until 1610; when, admonished for his neglect, he brought out with him a secular priest, Messire Jesse Fleché. . . . On the 12th of June, 1611, there arrived on the scene at Port Royal, at the instance of King Henry IV., two Jesuit fathers. Pierre Biard and Ennemond Massé. They were, however, not favorably received by Poutrincourt and his followers.”

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The Huguenots had their own ministers, while the Jesuits must confine themselves to the savages. The two Jesuits were joined, in the spring of 1613, by another Father and a lay brother, and the little band “established themselves at the new French colony on Mt. Desert Island.” This little missionary station was surprised and plundered by the Virginian Argal. I hear no shrieks from Coffin, Bancroft, or any other Protestant historian at this point; for Argal was a good Protestant. I therefore quote Dr. Shea (“The Catholic Church in Colonial Days,” p. 222):

“An unprovoked attack by men pretending to be Christians on a mission established for the conversion of the heathen, followed by bloodshed and indiscriminate plunder, has no parallel in history. Virginia shares the infamy by endorsing Argal’s action. . . .

“Argal put Father Massé and fourteen Frenchmen in a small craft and turned them adrift; Fathers Biard and Quentin were carried to Virginia, then ruled by a code of blood, where Sir Thomas Dale threatened to hang all the prisoners.”

If I find leisure, I think I shall be sorely tempted to compile a companion volume to “Old Times in the Colonies;” and I must entitle it “High Old Times in the Colonies.” I could make it very much more lurid than Mr. Coffin’s book, and deal only with well-established facts in my compilation. But who would read it?

Mr. Coffin speaks of “the ideas of the feudal age, that allowed the people no rights, nor any voice in the government.” The world has pro-

gressed beyond that state of subjection. But why was the settlement on the St. Lawrence, rather than the French Calvinist settlement at Port Royal in Acadie, picked out for this animadversion on the feudal age? Let me quote what Mr. Morris, in his school “History of the United States,” has to say in this matter of civil liberty, about the Protestant colony of Virginia (p. 70):

“SYSTEM OF GOVERNMENT.—Up to 1619 the colonists were virtually slaves. They had no voice in their own government, but were ruled absolutely by a council which was ruled by the king. When governors came, beginning with Lord Delaware, they had arbitrary power, and used it in an arbitrary fashion. They made what laws they pleased, and forced the people to work for the benefit of the company.”

Was feudalism worse than this? Was there on the St. Lawrence a condition like that which Bancroft describes as finding a scope in Virginia? He says (vol. i., chapter v.):

“Conditional servitude, under indentures or covenants, had from the first existed in Virginia. The servant stood to his master in the relation of a debtor, bound to discharge the costs of emigration by the entire employment of his powers for the benefit of his creditor. Oppression early ensued; men who had been transported into Virginia at an expense of eight or ten pounds were sometimes sold for forty, fifty, or even three-score pounds. The supply of white servants became a regular business; and a class of men, nicknamed spirits, used to delude young persons, servants, and idlers, into embarking for America, as to a land of spontaneous plenty. White servants came to be a usual

article of traffic. They were sold in England to be transported, and in Virginia were resold to the highest bidder; like negroes, they were to be purchased on shipboard, as men buy horses at a fair. So usual was this manner of dealing in Englishmen, that not the Scots only, who were taken in the field of Dunbar, were sent into involuntary servitude in New England, but the royalist prisoners of the battle of Worcester, and the leaders in the insurrection of Penruddock, in spite of the remonstrance of Haselrig and Henry Vane, were shipped to America. At the corresponding period, in Ireland, the crowded exportation of Irish Catholics was a frequent event, and was attended by aggravations hardly inferior to the usual atrocities of the African slave-trade.”

All this is very lovely reading. It compares nicely with the feudal ideas that were planted on the St. Lawrence.

VII. JESUITS! (once more.)

Mr. Coffin devotes a long chapter to witches. I am seriously afraid that, despite his vehement denunciation of the old belief in witchcraft, he is himself a victim of uncanny influences. The wizards or witches in this case are the Jesuits. In the index to his volume his references to persons and topics are almost universally absolved in a single line. Even his beloved Huguenots have not more. But the Jesuits have no less than eleven lines! He is certainly bewitched. He dreams o' nights of their machinations, and wakens to record these in his veracious narrative. Plottings, bigotry, rapine, arson, murder,—what crime in the two Tables is omitted? I cannot

follow him in refutation; I am really not writing a book. I shall give many illustrations from his book without comment, but I shall preface them now with a few remarks.

Mr. Coffin's book is but symbolic of the well-nigh universal tone of English literature when it deals, directly or indirectly, with this matter. What I have just said is not a sensitive declaration made by a "born" Catholic, but is the simple truth asserted by John Henry Newman, who could review his experience as a Protestant, and who, in his lectures on the "Present Position of Catholics in England," has summarized the Protestant tradition in his own luminous and interesting style. These lectures are easily accessible; but recalling Dr. Maitland's warning, I do venture to quote from them, expecting indulgence (and, mayhap, gratitude for lessening the labor of my readers). Newman says:

"If there be any set of men in the whole world who are railed against as the pattern of all that is evil, it is the Jesuit body. It is vain to ask their slanderers what they know of them; did they ever see a Jesuit? can they say whether there are many or few? what do they know of their teaching. 'Oh, it is quite *notorious*,' they reply; 'you might as well deny the sun in heaven; it is notorious that Jesuits are a crafty, intriguing, unscrupulous, desperate, murderous, and exceedingly able body of men; a secret society, ever plotting against liberty, and government, and progress, and thought, and the prosperity of England. Nay, it is awful; they disguise themselves in a thousand shapes, as men of fashion, farmers, soldiers, laborers, butchers, and pedlers;

they prowl about with handsome stocks, and stylish waistcoats, and gold chains about their persons, or in fustian jackets, as the case may be; and they do not hesitate to shed the blood of any one whatever, prince or peasant, who stands in their way.’ ”

Newman speaks with knowledge when he furnishes us with this delightful summary. He speaks also as a thoughtful man and a ripe scholar when he indignantly comments upon it as follows :

“ Who can fathom the inanity of such statements? which are made, and therefore, I suppose, believed, not merely by the ignorant, but by educated men who ought to know better, and will have to answer for their false witness. But all this is persisted in; and it is affirmed that they [the Jesuits] were found to be too bad even for Catholic countries, the governments of which, it seems, in the course of the last century, forcibly obliged the Pope to put them down.

“ Now, I conceive that just one good witness, one person who has the means of knowing how things really stand, is worth a tribe of these pamphleteers, and journalists, and novelists, and preachers, and orators. So I will turn to a most impartial witness, and a very competent one; one who was born of Catholic parents, was educated a Catholic, lived in a Catholic country, was ordained a Catholic priest, and then, renouncing the Catholic religion, and coming to England, became the friend and *protégé* of the most distinguished Protestant prelates of the present day, and the most bitter enemy of the faith which he had once professed,—I mean the late Rev. Joseph Blanco White. Now hear what he says about the Jesuits in Spain, his native country, at the time of their suppression.”

Newman remarks on the quotation which he is about to give :

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“I have omitted some clauses and sentences which either expressed the *opinions* of the author, as distinct from his testimony, or which are at least irrelevant to the matter in hand; which is simply to show, not what a Protestant can speak *against* (which no one can doubt), but what he can say *in favor* of, this calumniated body; however, to prevent misrepresentation, the entire passage shall be given at the end of the volume.”

He then quotes as follows from Blanco White:

“The Jesuits,” he says, “till the abolition of that order, had an almost unrivalled influence over the better classes of Spaniards. They had nearly monopolized the instruction of the Spanish youth, at which they toiled without pecuniary reward, and were equally zealous in promoting devotional feelings both among their pupils and the people at large. . . . Wherever, as in France and Italy, literature was in high estimation, the Jesuits spared no trouble to raise among themselves men of eminence in that department. In Spain their chief aim was to provide their houses with popular preachers, and zealous, yet prudent and gentle confessors. Pascal, and the Jansenist party, of which he was the organ, accused them of systematic laxity in their moral doctrines; but the charge, I believe, though plausible in theory, was perfectly groundless in practice. . . . The influence of the Jesuits on Spanish morals, from everything I have learned, was undoubtedly favorable. Their kindness attracted the youth from their schools to their Company; and . . . they greatly contributed to the preservation of virtue in that slippery age, both by the ties of affection, and the gentle check of example. Their churches were crowded every Sunday with regular attendants, who came to confess and receive the sacrament. . . . Their conduct was correct, and their manners refined. They kept up a dignified intercourse with the

middling and higher classes, and were always ready to help and instruct the poor, without descending to their level. . . . Whatever we may think of the political delinquencies of their leaders, their bitterest enemies have never ventured to charge the Order of Jesuits with moral irregularities.”

Newman hereupon asks :

“Does this answer to the popular notion of a Jesuit? Will Exeter Hall be content with the testimony of one who does not speak from hereditary prejudice, but from actual knowledge? Certainly not; and in consequence it ignores all statements of the kind; they are to be uttered, and they are to be lost; and the received slander is to keep its place as part and parcel of the old stock in trade, and in the number of the heirlooms of Protestantism, the properties of its stage, the family pictures of its old mansion, in the great controversy between the Lion of Judah and the children of men.”

It is not my purpose, in the following extracts from Mr. Coffin, to cull a posy of Protestant weeds in order to demonstrate their noxious character. Vindications innumerable, and from all manner of apologists, Catholic, Protestant, infidel, have, merely in the interest of historical truth, cleared the Jesuits, over and over again, of the absurd charges collected by Mr. Coffin. I am not attempting a defence of that venerable order; I am not even urging a plea against the sale of books such as “Old Times in the Colonies;” but I am protesting against the existence of such books in the class-rooms of our public schools. The inconceivable ignorance of Mr. Coffin, resulting in such pathetic blunders in geography,

biography, history, and arithmetic, and the financial success which that ignorance has attained in the multiplication of his books and their obvious acceptability to the reading public, all this terrible arraignment of our American culture, knowledge, politeness, and religious tolerance, is not my present business; and I pass it by without further notice.

I have no doubt that my readers will appreciate thoroughly the humorous side of the following extracts, and will generously ascribe their venomous intent to an obliquity of vision rather than to a warping of the will. Doubtless such writers as Mr. Coffin merely disgorge the offal upon which they have themselves been fed; so that charity towards them is very likely to be but another name for justice. The difficulty confronting us is not, however, Mr. Coffin, but the children in the public schools. Are we raising up a race of warped intellects? Is the machinery of public education turning out innumerable Coffins, fairly veneered to the outward eye, “but within, full of dead men’s bones and all uncleanness”? With which preface, I give the extracts:

1. “The Spaniards were hard-hearted, treacherous, vindictive. The Jesuits had the consciences of the Spaniards in their keeping, teaching them to do any evil that good might come. When Elizabeth was queen, they planned to have her assassinated; and the assassin Somerville, who was to commit the bloody deed, received the host at their hands before starting for London. They bargained with one of Elizabeth’s servants

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to poison her. . . . They conspired with Anthony Babington, and other Catholics who were in Elizabeth's household, to kill her.” (P. 73.)

2. “Again the Spaniards and Jesuits had been foiled in their plans.” (“Armada,” p. 74.)

3. “Robert Catesby conceived the plan. The Jesuits fomented it.” (“Gunpowder Plot,” p. 75.)

4. “There is rejoicing in convents and nunneries, for no more will the Jesuits be thwarted in their plans by Henry IV.” (“Assassination of Henry IV.,” p. 89.)

5. “The Jesuits laid far-reaching plans.” (“French Colonization,” p. 93.)

6. “The Jesuits were delighted; the continent was theirs! Not quite.” (P. 94.)

7. “Huguenots control the trade with the Indians? Never! One of the friars hastened to France. The Jesuits there were powerful.” (P. 147.)

8. “On what foundations shall the empire of France in the Western World be constructed,—on the natural rights of man? No; for neither the king, the Romish Church, nor the Jesuits have any conception of natural rights.” (P. 254.)

9. “Three Jesuits . . . stirred up the Indians to make war upon the English. ‘My children,’ said Thury [one of the Jesuit fathers], ‘how long will you suffer your lands to be encroached upon by the heretics? By the religion I have taught you, I exhort you to resist them. The hatchet must be cleaned of its rust. Night and day a continual prayer shall ascend to heaven for your success; an unceasing rosary shall be observed till your return, covered with the glory of triumph.’” (P. 273.)

10. (War of the Spanish Succession.) “Why should they trouble themselves about conflicts three thousand miles away? Not so the Jesuit priests at St. Francis, Quebec, and Montreal. England was Protestant, France Roman Catholic. Protestants were heretics,—enemies of God,—who ought to be exterminated. It was right to employ any means, to commit murder even, if the

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glory of God could be promoted. They urged the Indians to begin war against the English in Maine. [P. 320. Then follow the massacres by the Indians.] . . . So, through the instigation of the Jesuits, the bloody work began.” (P. 322.)

11. “The English were heretics, enemies of the Church. Had not Louis XIV. driven hundreds of thousands of them out of France? It was the duty of the Indians to resist the English. What right had the English to the land of the Indians? By subtle arts he [the Jesuit Father Rale] influenced them against the settlers. . . . Father Rale, in his chapel, . . . urged the Indians on; and all along the frontier, from the Connecticut to Nova Scotia, Indian bands prowled everywhere, falling upon the defenceless settlers. It was the same sad story everywhere,—of surprises and ambushes, the shooting of defenceless men and women, taking their scalps, going as suddenly as they came, Father Rale and Vaudreuil ever urging them on.” (“Maine and New Hampshire,” p. 329.)

12. “The Indians were weary of war. Their bravest warrior had fallen; there was no longer a Father Rale to urge them on, and they made peace once more. So ended the war, which had been kindled wholly through the influence of the Jesuits.” (P. 335).

13. (Georgia.) “The Jesuits at St. Augustine prevailed upon some of the negroes to return to South Carolina and stir up the slaves to revolt and murder their masters.” (P. 354.)

THE MORAL—L’ENVOI.

The Jesuits and Papists and emissaries of the Pope have been “laying plans” so continuously in Mr. Coffin’s recitals, that when we come to “The Negro Tragedy” (chapter xxx.) we naturally expect but another revelation of the same kind as the preceding one. And, indeed, the suspicion

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that the “Papists” or “Spaniards” were in a conspiracy to burn and kill so acted upon the minds of all concerned that the “sad record,” as Mr. Coffin styles it, includes “nearly two hundred imprisoned; twelve burnt to death; eighteen hung; thirty-two transported and sold as slaves in the West Indies, and every one innocent!” (P. 362.) It is easy to look back and condemn the wild panic of the good people of New York,—“governor, judges, jury, lawyers, ministers, people” (p. 362),—who “went crazy,” as Mr. Coffin remarked, with fear. But their fear was not unnatural in the circumstances.

“A ship sailed into the harbor [of New York] from Savannah, bringing a letter from Governor Oglethorpe, of Georgia, to Lieutenant-Governor Clark. ‘I have some intelligence of a villanous design. The Spaniards have employed emissaries to burn all the magazines and large towns in America. Many priests are employed for the purpose, who pretend to be physicians, dancing-masters, and other such kind of occupations,’ wrote Governor Oglethorpe.

“‘The Spaniards! the Papists! the Papists!’ The cry ran through the town. Who were the emissaries?

“‘John Ney, the school-master; he is a priest in disguise.’

“Poor John Ney, a quiet, inoffensive, retiring man, who had always minded his own business, and had eked out a scanty living by teaching school, was hauled up before the court. . . .

“‘I have no knowledge [said Ney] of any conspiracy. I am not a Catholic, but a minister of the Church of England.’

“What was that denial to a panic-stricken court and people?

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“‘He is a Papist, a conspirator! Hang him!’

“The rope was put round his neck, . . . cut, and his lifeless body dangled in the air.” (P. 361.)

And so the horrible tragedy included others, as given above in the list quoted from Mr. Coffin.

Of course, there was no conspiracy, and it was all a great mistake. But the frenzy was a natural one in the circumstances. In various degrees, it has been repeated in almost every decade of the history of the United States under the Constitution, as well as in the “Old Times” when the States were “Colonies.” Books like this of Mr. Coffin’s are even now doing that work of panic which lying ministers and pamphleteers and secret agents have been engaged in throughout English history since the Reformation. The anti-Papist and anti-Jesuit crusades are responsible for the burnings of churches and convents in this “free land” of ours, and in this very “City of Brotherly Love;” for political proscription such as the Know-Nothings and A. P. A.-ists advocated and do now advocate; for a spirit of hatred of Catholicity as universal as it is diabolical. Did Mr. Coffin write his philippics merely for declamation to the sad sea waves? Was he doing any other thing than propagating that malicious spirit of wild panic, the results of which he deplures in the “Negro Tragedy of New York”? “Conspiracy!” he cries out in amazement:

“Conspiracy! There had been none. The negroes were innocent. John Ney was innocent. The Papists,

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the Spaniards, had laid no plans. The Pope had no emissaries in disguise. There was not a Catholic priest in New York. . . . How sad the record! Nearly two hundred imprisoned, twelve burnt to death, eighteen hung, thirty-two transported and sold as slaves in the West Indies, and every one innocent!” (P. 362.)

He continues :

“How shall we account for such a craze? Governor, judges, the wisest and best men, the whole community, going mad, losing their wits, imprisoning, hanging the innocent, believing the stories of an injudicious chore-girl of a dirty groggery, rejecting the protestations of a school-master, a minister of the Church of England. Accepting lies for truth, and regarding the truth as lies.” (P. 362.)

Throughout his book, Mr. Coffin, like the “chore-girl of a dirty groggery,” has been similarly trying to make his readers accept “lies for the truth.” Would he be surprised, I wonder, if his books should attain results similar to that of the “Negro Tragedy”? He remarks of this tragedy, that,—

“It is the most unaccountable event in the history of our country.”

I cannot follow him here. To my mind the event is as clearly accountable for as the torch of an incendiary is accountable for the arson committed, the knife of the midnight assassin for the lifeless tenement at which it so rudely knocked, or the frenetic ravings of men like Mr. Coffin for the periodical outbursts of blind rage against the Catholic Church in the United States.





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